

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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OUR PERENNIAL PAUPER.

"What! Begging Again?"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

FICTION.

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION CONTAINING ONLY STORIES.

Published Every Monday.

No. 16 gives us a second installment of "Bent, Not Broken," in which the interest of the story increases. The pictures of college life and the delicate touches by which the gradual development of a young man's character is indicated are the work of a masterly hand. "A Fair Amateur," a novelette in two parts, is begun in this number, and promises a novel dramatic effect. "Out of Death's Jaws," Arthur Lol's strong and interesting story, is concluded, and the second half is of no less force than the first. The tale is certainly a remarkable piece of fiction, and lingers in the memory with the vividness of truth. The other contents of the number are the first part of "A Little Incident in the Southwest," a sketch of rough life, rich in local color, and "A Strange Wooing," a complete story, quaint and ingenious in plot, with an undercurrent of half-humorous sentiment—an odd and entertaining little narrative.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE "average American" is born, not with a silver spoon in his mouth, but with a revolver in his hip-pocket. He takes to a pistol as he takes to pap. It is to him as simple a weapon of offense or defense as is his stick to an Englishman or his knife to an Italian. The American never learns how to use a revolver; he is born knowing how. He has great confidence in it, and very little fear of it. Give a citizen of the United States a Colt or a Remington and a flask of old rye, and he will set out to explore the Polar Regions or go to Central America to quell a revolution. The worship of the pocket-firearm is a national characteristic; and it is but fair to say that it is not wholly an objectionable characteristic.

The national readiness and ability to use firearms has done a good deal toward teaching the American people self-control. Because an occasional fool draws his pistol without sufficient provocation, we must not infer that all pistol-carrying is productive of evil. For your one coward who becomes a murderer by yielding to a sudden impulse of passion or fear, there are fifty bullies who refrain from acts of violence because they know or believe their opponents to be armed. It must always be remembered that the pistol puts the physically feeble man on an equality with the muscular ruffian. There is a vast deal of nonsense talked about the manly art of self-defense, and the manliness of the Briton's appeal to the trial by fisticuffs. Very few decent men, in a busy country like this, have the time or the inclination to practise boxing; and the people who take that way of settling their disputes are a lot of blackguards, and nothing better. The low Englishman is a coward of the worst sort, like all other upholders of promiscuous pugilism. He has been brought up to bear the pain and annoyance of a black eye or a broken nose; but he is as thoroughly afraid of a bit of cold lead as a King Charles spaniel is afraid of a horsewhip.

The American never engages in a street-fight. If his cause of quarrel is trifling, he lets the occasion pass. If it is sufficiently serious to

make fighting a necessity, it is sufficiently serious to make killing a possibility. It is foreign to the nature of the American to fight with his enemy like two dogs in a gutter. If he means to fight, he means death. It affords him no satisfaction to spoil his foeman's good looks, or to make that foeman's flesh sore for the space of a day or two. This may be a pleasure to brutes; but the American is not a brute. He avoids a fight as long as he may; but when he does fight, he fights with a weapon that puts all men on a fair level, and he fights for an end that dignifies all combat.

But, having said this much, it remains to be said that while the revolver is, *per se*, a very apostle of peace, there is such a thing as putting it to a bad use. A little of the revolver is a very good thing in a country where justice is sometimes tardy, and very often whimsical. Judge Lynch was a very useful man, in his day, to our young civilization; but he has outgrown his usefulness, and he never was desirable outside of certain well-defined limits. The revolver, likewise, is getting itself into bad repute by its extreme numerousness and unnecessary frequency. It is no weapon for cranks, women and suckling college-boys. It is not exactly the sort of article to be dealt out as a gratuitous supplement to juvenile periodical literature. It is not the kind of thing to be used as an auxiliary to the policeman's club in the decimation of our citizens. There is no good reason why the revolver, a useful weapon in its own way, should be used to lower the census of the United States. Certainly, some restrictions should be placed upon its manufacture and sale, or the present epidemic of shooting will end in the complete prohibition of the use of our national weapon, and in our adoption of the brutal and cowardly English system of big fist against little fist, tough skin against tender.

General Grant, with his native modesty, once more appears before the American people in the character which seems best fitted to him—that of a beggar. It was probably one of the most expensive things the country ever did to put this gentleman in command of the army during the war, because he has never forgotten it, and is determined that we never shall. In our enthusiastic appreciation of his services as a soldier, we elected him President, and a very indifferent President he made. Not content with this, he succeeded in getting himself nominated for a second term, and gave us four years of an administration more disreputable than the first. Still unsatisfied, he offered himself for a third time. But the people wouldn't have him. His friends and supporters tried their utmost to force him on the country, and with an almost dangerous measure of success; but common sense and judgement triumphed in the end, and the pertinacious third-term candidate came to grief. But General Grant is too old a soldier to be daunted by such a trifle as that. If he can't get \$50,000 a year as President, he can, at least, secure a comfortable income from the National Treasury by having his name placed on the retired army-list; and with this laudable and patriotic object in view, the General has induced his good friend Logan to introduce a bill into Congress.

We sincerely hope that it may not pass. If it does, there is no knowing to what ends General Grant may go in further exacting the substantial gratitude of the country. The country has done more than enough for General Grant, and the time has come for him to retire into private life, as becomes an American citizen, instead of perpetually holding out his hat for "more." General Grant's military career was both successful and brilliant, and, had he kept out of politics, it would still be freshly remem-

bered by his countrymen; but, unfortunately, it has been sullied by his wretched attempt at statesmanship, so that whatever merit he possesses has almost been forgotten. He is known now as the champion diner-out, as the president of railroads, mining companies and banks—as one who is ever ready to receive presents, no matter by whom they may be offered, and as a perpetual candidate for the Presidency.

The trial of the assassin Guiteau for the murder of the late President is not a subject on which we have much to say. A great deal too much has already been said about it. The man is before a jury of his countrymen, his case is receiving more than a fair hearing, and the law will take its course. But at the present stage of the proceedings, there can be no valid objection to our remarking that the prisoner has shown conclusively that he is responsible for his actions, and that he knew perfectly well that he was committing a cold-blooded murder. There was a strong impression, at first, that Guiteau was a lunatic. Guiteau is no lunatic; Justice has the gallows waiting for him, and he must hang. It is the only way.

The Graphic Reporter is "At Home" in Washington, always. Whether it be something in the atmosphere or in the whiskey of the National Capital, we cannot say; but certain it is that, from the moment the reporting gentleman lands there, a complete and radical change takes place in his mental and moral mechanism. That somewhat dubious organ which he is pleased to call his mind expands, as it were, from plain fact into the most gorgeous and picturesque hifalutin. "The primrose by the river's brim, a simple primrose is to him" no longer—it is something a great deal more, and different withal, to which the terms "gush," "mush" and "slush" are not unjustly nor unfrequently applied. The Guiteau trial has furnished the Graphic Reporter with an unusual and un neglected opportunity for the play and display of his aboriginal descriptive powers. And, not content with so prolific a subject as Guiteau, the G. R. has fallen foul of the judge and counsel as well. In this general distribution of attentions, our own fellow-citizen, John K. Porter, comes in for his share, of course, though, strange to say, it is a smaller one than might have been expected by those acquainted with this gentleman's forensic ability and legal lore.

His forefinger! Not that the forefinger aforesaid is the only digital member owned and manipulated by Lawyer Porter, for we believe he is possessed of the usual number; but it is the only one (and, indeed, the only thing to him pertaining,) that has come prominently under the "reportorial" eye. We are informed that: "When cross-examining, his forefinger is terrible!" And, further: "It seems like the finger of Retributive Justice (capitalized, of course,) pointing right down into the innermost recesses of a man's soul." And yet: "He backs up his remarkable forefinger (backing-up a forefinger isn't bad, my Lord Poionius!) with a most impressive, highly dramatic manner." And still on: "He eyes the witness with much deliberation, advances his awful index finger, and agitates it slowly a few seconds, then frowns like an avenging god (on wheels?) and hurls forth his questions with all the furious emphasis of a ranting tragedian!"

Slow Music—Red Fire—Curtain.

Really, this is no forefinger of ours, of course; but we are prompted by the humane feeling common to all, except the Graphic Reporter, to suggest to Lawyer Porter that, if he values his own future peace of mind equally with the welfare of his family and immediate friends, he had better leave his forefinger at home the next time he pursues his legal way to Washington.

ISRAEL ON THE CRANK.

A denominational weekly publication, devoted to Jewish religious interests, denounces PUCK as being prejudiced against the Jews, in consequence of our cartoon called "The Modern Moses." We rarely attach any importance to the opinions of the religious press, because a religious newspaper, established as a means of making money, is a monstrous anomaly, and is incapable of discussing a question on logical principles, bound as it is by whatever may happen to be its particular iron-clad doctrine. If we gave attention to such matters, we should be perpetually at loggerheads with the *Christian Union*, the *Tablet*, the *Jewish Messenger*, the *Independent*, the *Churchman*, and a dozen other papers of the character that exist—well, for no reason whatever, unless it be that their editors and proprietors think that their faith is a good thing to trade on.

We have no prejudices at all. We have no prejudice against the Jews or the Jewish religion; no prejudice against the Russians or the Russian national religion; no prejudice against the Irish or the Irish Roman Catholics; and if mere caricature is objectionable, the Irish have surely much more reason to complain than the Jews, who have always found a champion in PUCK. Our Hebrew friends must not be so sensitive; and, like sensible people as they are, must take a joke as their neighbors take one. If they do not wish to be made fun of, they should not intensify the traditional peculiarities that so often make them the subject of ridicule. They are clannish, and cling to their antiquated puerile Oriental customs and mummeries as a Chinaman clings to his pigtail. They should become Americans. Let them mix, marry and associate—we will not say with Christians, as there are few real Christians nowadays—but with non-Jews or Gentiles, and get rid of the silly idea that their race and religion are immeasurably above all others. If this were done, there would, in time, be no more reason to caricature the peculiarities of a Jew, as a Jew, than of a Quaker, a Swedenborgian, a Shaker, or an Episcopalian.

CURRENT COMMENTS.

OUR HEBREW friends have a Feast of Lights at hand. Is it, then, a fact that a Jewish syndicate has purchased Edison's electric lamp-posts?

"LOVE'S LABOR LOST" AGAIN.—An English paper says the Lord Mayor of London is trying to raise "a fund." Useless attempt, Your Worship; quite useless. The only thing the Lord Mayor of London was ever known to raise successfully was "a laugh." It is wiser to accept the inevitable than to strive after the impossible.

CHEAP, INDEED, IF NOTHING ELSE.—We have always heard that Paterson, N. J., was a very cheap place of residence, and just now we have an ocular demonstration of the fact. By a late decision of Judge Woodruff—*nomen clarum et venerabile*—it costs only one dollar for a man to slap his wife, provided, of course, he does it decently and in moderation. Only think of the happiness in store for the lucky Patersonian who happens to be the possessor of a five-dollar note! Moderation multiplied by five foots up encouragingly. And of the rapture inexpressible that must permeate the bosom of the five-and-twenty-dollar man! No wonder the population of that town has doubled within the past ten years. With a few more such decisions, (and such judges, withal,) Paterson may safely count on becoming the metropolis of New Jersey within the next decade.

A LA MODE FRANÇAISE.—Guiteau imagines one side of his head larger than the other. Which reminds us that, were he in France just now, where he so much wanted to go last winter, he would find a gentleman—one "Monsieur de Paris," very well known to people of his (Guiteau's) stamp—who could, and no doubt *would*, cheerfully remove the larger side and put it carefully away in a nice basket of sawdust, without other fee or reward than that he already derives from the State. An excellent opportunity, truly, for Guiteau *et id omne genus*.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCII.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.



Ya-as; Jack, who weads and knows everyt'ing, has directed my attention to an article in a wecent numbah of the *Contemporarwy Wevieu*, which tweats of what is called he-ah, by a numbah of people berwest of their senses, Society—New York Society.

I am, 'pon my soul, perfectly wearwied of wemarking that there is no Society in New York, and that the majority of aw individuals who put themselves in this categorwy are a parcel of ignorwnt vulgarwians, who possess no weal wefinement, and are stupid and immorwal.

They generwally have pwetty extensive wentwolls, howevah, and spend their money fweely, when they think they can get their names in the papahs; but, on pwopah gwounds, they have no maw wight to imagine that they wewesent the culture and best bweeding in the countwy than have the averwage stweert-sweepers and cab-dwivahs.

These people simply constitute a clique, and the men of the clique have their stwongholds in two verwy pwetentious, but actually inferwi-ah, clubs. Some of their womankind are even maw objectionable, although I invarwiably make gwreat allowances faw anything that the fai-ah cweachas do.

It's a verwy difficult mattah faw them to do always the wight thing, and to hide their undah-bweeding, when their male fwriends and welatives are constantly showing them a bad example, especially in their dweadful aping of the worst feachahs of Bwitish arwistocwatic customs, which Jack and I are literwally tired of laughing at and weferwing to.

The wita in the *Contemporarwy Wevieu* aw speaks of the shocking immorwality and degwadation of the American arwistocwacy. Perwhaps he is wight about the immorwality and degwadation, but he is wong about aw the arwistocwacy, faw there is no arwistocwacy. Some fellahs at the Union Club get angwy when I wemark this.

"My good fellah," I said to one of them, the othah day, whose ancestah was a peddler or small Dutch shopkeepah: "the people who play polo, who dwive coaches, and who give Methusalem balls, and ladies' balls, are verwy fah from being the best Americwans. They are often the most inferwiah. Weal arwistocwacy, Jack says, is a combination of things—wealth, culchah, good bweeding, intelligence and absence of snobbishness. None of these qualities alone can make it. Family has vewy little to do with it, and, if it had, there are no families worth talking about he-ah. The pwesent wace of butchahs and clockmakahs are, I think, far superwiah to the pwesent wace of the wegulah American arwistocwat aw."

Puckings.

A PLUTONIC FLIRTATION.—That of Eurydice's abductor.

IT IS SOME consolation to know that a man may shoot his hat without being put down as a crank.

DR. LOW-NECKED LORNE will return to Canada without the Princess Louise. She can't stand the high-necked climate.

JEFFERSON DAVIS declined to be interviewed, on the ground that the masquerading season had not yet commenced.

A PLUMBER recently got mad when he heard some man speaking of a South American bird that is noted for its pipes that nothing can beat.

NOW DOTH the Spitz jump around in a delirium of glee, and think how soon winter will make the oilcloth cold enough for him to lie on with comfort.

A WOMAN will calmly permit the cat to sleep in her husband's sealskin cap, but she will get ruffled if the cat attempts to make a hammock of her swell bonnet.

"IS ITALY becoming Republican?" We think it is, from the fact that the bloated land holders, with their real estate about their persons, emigrate to this country.

"NO!" said she, dreamily, as she delicately toyed with the verdant and luscious sub-stratum of Neapolitaine ice-cream: "No, Adolphus, I never had hereditary measles." He left.

IT IS STATED that Rhode Island is full of calico factories. This is not news, but it is more than can be said of New Jersey, a State which, if full of anything, is full of law and mosquitoes.

A LARGE BOA in the Zoological Gardens, in London, swallowed a blanket for a "night-cap." If a good many men were to follow this boa's example, the blanket manufacturer would become a formidable rival to the whiskey distiller.

YOU MAY be a lovely girl, Myraline, and you may possess sufficient talent to bring you fame and shekels; but you will get neither from this paper if you continue to send us stuff containing such a rhyme as "lumbago" and "Chicago."

INQUIRY has been made at the PUCK office why the Chambers Street Hospital ambulance is seen so often in the lower part of Broadway. The reason is that the large number of busted mining brokers necessitates their being carried somewhere for repairs.

NUTS FOR THE NIL DESPERANDUMS OF AUTHORSHIP.—A single volume (works of St. Augustine, 1475,) has just been sold in London for £1,000, and another for £850. This shows what age—green, ripe old age—may do for books and authors. We are acquainted with a number of literary works of the present day which, in this order of arithmetical progression, may fetch as much as 50 cents per volume some three or four millions of years from now. Let aspiring literary men and women make a note of this, and keep a stiff upper-lip. Don't speculate in Western Union on the strength of it, though. Be prudent, and take the fat things of life as they come, without discounting future prospects.

BANKING POSSIBILITIES.

In the bright lexicon of the bank president there is no such word as disgrace. There was a time when a man could not depart with the money of the guileless depositors without placing his respectability within the pale of criticism, and becoming a special subject of scorn and satire; but that time has gone. The early prejudices peculiar to a fresh young country are rapidly passing away, and the people are inclining to a more kindly and charitable consideration of the actions of these adepts in fancy arithmetic.

It is not going too far to say that a bank president who captures \$100,000 is regarded simply as a financial humorist by every one in the land, except the persons whose accounts are thus suddenly and surreptitiously closed. And they feel for him that warm, tender, enthusiastic, throbbing sympathy that every true American feels for a man who risks his everything in an enterprise in which the chances are a hundred against one that it will terminate in his irremediable ruin.

The feelings for his family amount simply to condolence and compassion, especially if they have not sufficient money to enable them to go to Europe, live in luxurious retirement, and palm themselves off as invalids. The commiseration for these unfortunate people, especially among sentimentalists, has made them objects of envy in certain circles, and it is this that is going to have an evil effect.

For instance, if a young man attends a party, and meets the daughter of a defaulter, he naturally pays her more than ordinary attention, to show her that the misdeeds of her father do not affect their terms of friendship. Thus she receives most of his time, while the other poor girls, who are so unfortunate as to have honest, upright parents, dart envenomed glances at each other, and turn green with envy and chagrin.

If this wildly sentimental fashion remains in vogue much longer, it will exert a baleful influence on the society of the future, and a damaging effect on the welfare of citizens who have a strictly honest ancestry. These people will, in turn, be regarded with sympathy by the then haughty lineal descendants of the great bank robbers of the present century.

Fifty or sixty years hence, some old house back of Newark will be pointed out by the guide as the building in which Mr. So-and-So passed a night while flying the country with half a million dollars that didn't belong to him. And, on the strength of this, that house will be fixed up in style and filled with boarders at forty dollars per week, with sandwiches at twenty cents and beer at ten. And the people will bear away bark from the tree to which the aforesaid director tied his horse; and they will look at the chair, desk and inkstand he used on that memorable occasion, and offer fabulous amounts for them as curiosities.

The reigning society belle will be celebrated in poetry and puffed by the papers, which will not lose an opportunity to say, as often as possible, that she is the great granddaughter of the famous Bosscar Haldwin, and the latter will be so well known that it will not be necessary to say that he hypothecated bonds, and neatly swindled the depositors of the Gasfitters' and Undertakers' Savings Bank. This would be like speaking of Homer as the creature who wrote the "Iliad."

At a reception, Mr. Brown will say to Mr. Smith:

"Mr. Smith, permit me to present my friend Miss Jones."

And after they have shaken hands, Mr. Brown will continue to Mr. Smith:

"Miss Jones is a grandniece of Josiah Tomkins Jaybird."

Mr. Smith will smile rapturously, and declare it the crowning honor of his life, her grand-uncle being so well known to him that it would be insulting his intelligence and learning to tell him that the late Mr. Jaybird resided at Sing Sing for ten years, and wore a ball and chain most of the time.

And then, when a man of humble origin, that is, a man whose family record is without a solitary black mark, goes forth to his lady-love's father to get his consent to the match, the following dialogue will take place:

"Have you money?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Twenty thousand a year."

"Any property?"

"A house on Fifth Avenue."

"That sounds all right; but are you connected with the American peagee?"

"What's that?"

"Have you now, or have you ever had, any crooked bank or insurance officials in your family?"

"Never, sir—never; but I can't help that. Some of us are doomed to be honest, and spurned when we are not to blame for our integrity. I love your daughter, and, you know, many a proud lady has been happy with a husband picked from the humbler grades of society."

"Leave me, sir; you shall not wed my daughter. I like your impudence, indeed! You, who almost boast that your family, as far back as you can go, is without a disreputable character, to come and ask the hand of my daughter! You must recollect, sir, that you are honest and nobody. My uncle, two of my wife's uncles, my grandfather, and four of my cousins all successfully decamped with the contents of their respective banks, and I don't want to see the genius of the blood destroyed by an upright interloper!"

And the young man will pass out execrating the sad fate which has placed an impassable social chasm between himself and the haughty beauty in whose veins flows the untainted blood of a dozen lordly bank defaulters.

And the fond mother will bend tenderly over the cradle in which her infant is dreaming, and kiss his rosy dimples, and pray for his welfare, and trust that he may grow up and fight the battle of life with undaunted spirit, and overcome all the obstacles which beset the path of the pioneer, until finally he wears the victor's crown, and finds a throne in the chair of a bank president. And every good mother in this good land will imagine her baby boy is going to be a bank president—just as she, at the

present day, believes he will one day be President of the United States—and she will tell her neighbor so over the garden fence when the two engage in one of those domestic brawls in which all children are characterized as brats.

And Saratoga and all the watering-places will be filled with bogus defaulters—men who, under this guise of respectability, will endeavor, by every known means, to entrap the affections of the lovely and get into the best society. And orators will mention the names of bank robbers in their speeches amid applause; steamboats, baseball clubs and target companies will enrich their banners with the names of these peculiarly gifted dignitaries. Poets of the day will sing the charms of the haughty bank defaulter's daughter. And banking scenes will be introduced into plays, and bank presidents and directors will be cast for the leading rôles, just as generals, lords, and aristocrats are at the present time.

It may be, and no doubt is, highly proper and correct to be kind to the erring; but, after all, the Kansas plan is the best: to capture the officials, and force them to hand back what they have stolen, or else treat society to a little picnic, which an astute Western paper is pleased to term "a lynching bee." R. K. M.

EASY ENIGMAS FOR BUSINESS COLLEGIANS.

I.

My first is a Bank;

My second is a Cashier;

My whole is something to carry on the morocco business with.

II.

My first is a National Bank;

My second is a President;

My whole is a tool used by a gambling speculator.

III.

My first, again, is a Banker;

My second is a Director;

My whole is something which don't direct a bank.

IV.

My first, finally, is a Bank;

My second is a Sworn Examiner;

My whole is something which has sworn off examining banks.

MANAT.

"WE SOON—"

WE soon shall think, at dead of night,
When snowflakes on the window light—
How sweet to scorch,
Upon the porch,
And have a good mosquito bite,
And listen to his aria,
And have malaria.

THE NEW CRANKS' RETREAT.



THEY ALL GO TO THE COURT-ROOM, INSTEAD OF THE ASYLUM.

A STORY OF A SUBSTITUTE.



No Work—No Money—No Nothing.



Good Enough!



In the "Bought Brigade."



"One Substitute is as Good as Another!"



Twelve Hundred Dollars' Worth of Sprees Make Him a Wreck.



Charges It to Gout and Receives His Reward.

FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

MARRIED.

Mail—Express.—On Monday, December 6, 1881, at Park Row, New York City, by the Reverend Full-Face Conjunction, U.C., E. Mail, of the House of Sir Cyrus W. Field, K.Q.Z., to N. Y. E. Express, Relict of the late John Kelly, Ex.B.N.Y. No Cards.

The above wedding, while not so largely attended as the recent *ultra-élite* exhibition at Trinity Church, was nevertheless one of the most interesting matrimonial events of the season. The ceremony was conducted with some degree of privacy, out of deference for the feelings of the bride, whose period of widowhood, though brief, has proved one of much tribulation and great sorrow, no less to herself than to others (uncles, cousins and aunts barred, of course,) alike dependent upon the bounty of the late lamented. But for such sad surroundings on the part of the bride, a much greater *éclat* would doubtless have been given to this unique and altogether utter solemnization. The only special object worthy of note, in the matter of dress, was the change of head-dress, merely, on the part of the bride, who assumed, otherwise, the new divided garment of the groom. There being nobody present authorized to give the bride away, (though there were, doubtless, several persons quite able, and, perhaps, willing to do so,) that portion of the ceremony was necessarily omitted.

Sir Cyrus W. Field, K. Q. Z., stood sponsor for the bridegroom, with Major and Acting Chief-of-Staff Bundy (sometimes miscalled "Bunsby"), N. Y. H. G., as next best man. It is quite needless to say that the Major, as a

gallant man, tried and so proven on the field of action, when the red eye of battle was the reverse of shut, was quite equal to the occasion, and performed the duties assigned him, as is his custom, with zeal, courage and gallantry.

Sir Cyrus, K. Q. Z., as grand Patroon of the ceremony, acquitted himself with his accustomed ease, elegance and beauty—three personal graces of which it is safe to say: "None but themselves can be their parallelograms." It was plainly evident that he had the interests of the newly-wedded pair very much at heart, and it is said by those who have the best means of knowing that, in case of any disaster overtaking the principal of the high contracting parties, his well known philanthropy and exceeding regard for the necessities (and goods) of others, will induce him to appeal a second time to the "charity of the nation" for the raising of still another "fund."

Of the wedding gifts little is known (though much might be surmised), they not having been placed on exhibition; but they were, no doubt, appropriate. No flowers—not even Roswell P.—were present for this, or received for any future occasion. No wedding trip is contemplated. The newly-wedded pair will occupy the old stand on the corner, where they will be glad to see all their individual and mutual friends, including subscribers and advertisers, particularly!

There was a Marquis Abergavenny,
Who had of poultry very mavenny;
And when their eggs they laid,
Some he would trade,
And some he would sell for a pavenny.

BITS OF TALK.

CAUGHT IN PASSING THE LADIES ON SIXTH AVENUE,
NEAR FOURTEENTH STREET, 4 P. M.

"And they charged me eleven cents a dozen, because the man said"
"There were only two imported with real lace, the others had"
"No place for a towel on the side; but the prettiest little"
"Number two-and-a-half, indeed! Why, she always wears"
"Knickerbockers, with an opening on the side, and"
"Plain shirt-front, nothing else except a little trimming at the"
"Gored waist with beads!"
"Well! If I can wear them without hurting me when I get home"
"Laced up on the side, just like those old-fashioned"
"Bathing suits at this time of year! Well, what next?"
"I declare! I believe I left that bundle at the last"
"Poor old blind man with his dog! just like"
"That dowdy thing crossing over the"
"Way to buy things, at Macy's, is to"
"Never wash them in hot water."
"So the floor-walker said, *really, Madam*,"
"I never take them off the children all the year round." MANAT.

There was a young man named Ruthven,
And to him a mule was guthven;
But the mule couldn't trot,
So at last he was shot,
And to the bone-mill was druthven.

A MODEL GIRL.

"Did you say a half-pound of caramels?" asked the drug-clerk, with a smile, as he opened the candy-case and picked up the scoop.

"That's precisely what I said, sir; did you understand me to remark that I wished seventeen grains of belladonna and a porous plaster?"

"No, sir; I knew you said something about caramels, but I didn't understand exactly what."

The commission merchant eyed him with scorn, and observed:

"Perhaps you thought I said caramels decay the teeth quicker than salt pork, or that caramels aid digestion, and should be eaten after every meal, or that caramels are the favorite confection of all the crowned heads of Europe, or that I would rather eat caramels than be President, or that the caramel is a beauteous love-blossom, caressed in the sunshine of sentiment until it melts in the mouth like virgin snow on the uppers of a pair of four-dollar cow-hide boots. If you did, you are way, way at sea—I said nothing of the kind; I simply want half-a-pound of caramels for the girl."

"For the girl?" cheekily chipped in the clerk, as he felt his horse-shoe scarf-pin to see if it was there, and laid one hand on top of his head to ascertain if the sun had melted the pomade off: "for the girl? Then, sir, I advise you to take a regular box—it's the correct thing, and all the swells do it. We make these caramels ourselves, and they contain no deleterious ingredients. They are compounded under the personal supervision of the proprietor, and come in a neat pink box, highly perfumed, and set off by delicate sketches."

"My young friend," replied the commission merchant, as he struck a comfortable attitude: "you are entirely too tender and airy a flower for the blasts and rigors of everyday life; you should be in a blue glass jar, on a window-sill, in a warm room, where the canary-bird gently carols and the lady criticizes her neighbors' clothes. You are a coy, retiring wayside violet, too fragile for the storm, and your mental architecture will militate against your ever achieving a felicitous victory over the turbulent vicissitudes incident to retailing soda-water and liver-pads."

The pill-roller was silent.

"Your fancy is too rosy, and your imagination too strong and wild," continued the commission merchant, softly: "you have enough of both to set you up in the business of sonnet-making, with a fair prospect of creating some excitement. Your soul is a gossamer hot-house filled with lovely visions. I know this not only from your far-away look, but because you concluded, when I said caramels for the girl, that I meant caramels for my lady-love. And you pictured me moving gracefully up the box-fringed path in my patent-leather boots and high hat, with one eye on the dear creature's window, and the other trying to look around behind the house to see if the bulldog was loose. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your confectionery. Yet I know that you were lost in a chaos of poetic dreams, so I will simply state for your edification that those caramels are for the girl; and when I say the girl I don't mean sweet little blue-eyed Mignonette J. St. Clair, or any other dime-novel-named matinee gazelle. I mean plain Mary O'Brien, the girl who takes care of my little boy. He'll be three years old in June, if you are curious to know, and he's handsomest when his face is smeared with molasses."

"Caramels for the nurse?" inquired the clerk, with a sigh that caused the scoop to drop from his pallid fingers, picturesque with cheap rings.

"Certainly; caramels for the nurse. She will eat them and enjoy them just as much as a lady

with a large income and scores of suitors possibly could. You'd better put in some gum-drops while you're about it, for she is very kind to the youngster."

"And that's the reason you buy her candy?" said the clerk, as he drew his perfumed handkerchief across his brow, obscured by bangs.

"That is precisely the reason. Why should I not candy her when she looks after the boy? I go down-town in the morning, and never get nervous during the day, because I know the baby is all right, whether he is in the house or in the street. She never takes her eyes off him, and she never gets mad at him. Why, I have seen that boy hang on to her ears, and stick his fingers in her eyes, and pour his blocks on her head, and she would let him keep right on, because she thought he was enjoying himself. I most emphatically believe if he were to hit her on the head with a coal shovel, she would smile upon him sweetly, and tell him to proceed with the fun. Just put in an ounce of lemon-drops, too."

"It must be hard to find such a good girl."

"It is," responded the merchant: "and I know how to appreciate her. The other day I gave her a pair of patent-leather shoes and a dead-gold scarf for her brother, all in consideration of her thoughtfulness. You see, I took home a pound of imported cheese, which struck my wife as being too strong to have in the house. So the girl put it out of the window on the end of a pole, and every time I want any I haul it in like a fish. But it is on the boy's account that I value her. If he sits on her knee, and squalls until he turns purple and looks like an egg-plant, she doesn't get mad and throw him down; she simply smiles as though listening to one of Chopin's most sooth-

ing nocturnes, and the child finds he is disappointed in his attempt to make the girl wild, and he brightens right up, which shows that the girl understands her business. She is simply a daisy from Daisyville, and you'd better put in some marshmallow drops."

"Then the boy is perfectly safe with her?"

"Perfectly. In point of safety he's the antithesis of the money which you put in a Newark savings-bank, and I frequently give the girl a pair of gloves or some other luxury as an acknowledgment of her merits. I allow the boy to have a dog to play with, because I know he won't be bitten—that girl is so watchful that it is equal to having the dog muzzled. And the boy treats the dog just as though it were the girl: jumps on him, hauls his ears, sticks his fingers in his eyes, and fills his mouth with ashes or anything that comes along. One day he was caught trying to hammer the dog's teeth out. He was going to remove them all and put his grandmother's artificial set in their stead. His grandmother used to have great trouble in keeping hers in place, and he thought the dog would be affected similarly, and it would be fun to see the quadruped make faces like his grandmother. Just hurl in a few ounces of sassafras lozenges for that wonderful girl."

"All right, sir, all right; I only trust your boy may always be well looked after."

"Thank you, stranger," responded the merchant: "I like you better than I did at first. But to go on about that girl and child. They hate to be apart. And she keeps such a watch on him that I am not afraid to let him chew the scissors all the morning, play with a knife all the afternoon, fly his kite on the roof, or make mud-pies on the railroad track. When I go home at night I allow him to have my loaded pistol to play with, and, if the girl remains, I shall buy him a gun for the next Fourth of July. His favorite plaything is the family hatchet, because he likes to drive nails and chop. But when that girl is around he never does any damage; he never cuts the walls or hammers on the piano-legs, or chops the cherry-tree or anything of that kind. When I look on his fat, dimpled hands and greasy face, I just say to myself: 'There's the little buster that's going to make Rome howl some day, and the girl is just putting him through the right curriculum.' Kindly pile in a stick of licorice."

While the clerk was getting the licorice, the merchant went on:

"And then in the summer she walks him in the fields, and beside the purling brooks, and watches him chase butterflies, and keeps the bees off him with her fan. One day last summer I saw them sitting together under a wild-cherry tree in the mint. He lay there smiling and mauling the dog, while she stroked his silken curls, and lighted up his precious little life, and wafted him to a realm of wild romance, by reading him the most thrilling portions of the latest dime-novel. She is a good, thoughtful girl. Put in some burnt almonds and a toothbrush."

"Will that be all?"

"It will."

And as the clerk handed the package out, and took his pay, he said it was more than the average nurse gets.

In reply the merchant said, as he opened the door:

"I am not a Japanese philosopher, nor an Arabian poet, and I don't go around dropping words of wisdom or making Oriental similes; but I'll tell you one thing, my boy: you'll discover, as you plod through this cold world, just what everyone else has discovered: that merit is very seldom appreciated; and when it is, it is permitted to plod quietly on till it's worn out without getting sufficient candy to interfere with its health."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE NEWS-STAND OF THE FUTURE—



IF THE SWARM OF NEW PAPERS CONTINUES TO INCREASE AT ITS PRESENT RATE.

A POPULAR CONVENIENCE.

The influx of matrimonially-inclined Englishmen threatens to fill American "society" with the lordly bearers of noble titles, or the noble bearers of lordly titles, whichever may be their proper designation.

This will no doubt elevate the social tone of our aristocracy; but it will, for some time, at least, cause great confusion in polite circles. It requires a clear intellect and a strong memory to grasp and keep the order of the British peerage.

To the outsider it is a painfully confusing kaleidoscopic combination of differing glories. It is hard to make it clear to the American intellect why a Marquis is a Marquis, and why, being a Marquis, he discounts an Earl and double-discounts a Viscount. Our experience in this line may not be large; but from what we have observed, the whole peerage runs very much alike, except that the higher the peer may be the worse are his manners and his clothing.

It may have been noticed, moreover, that when a very lofty nobleman comes over here, he is always in pressing need of an American heiress. Baronets and other small fry are generally content to wait a season or two before lifting some native beauty to their state and partnering her; but if a real high-flyer at nobility visits our plebeian shores on a drumming expedition, he has very little time to waste. He is pretty sure to marry and get back to England before the next session of the Bankruptcy Court.

It is to be feared that we have on many occasions unwittingly given pain to our aristocratic visitors by our ignorance of their true standing and positions in their native land. It seems to pain a Marquis to slap him cheerfully on the back and hail him: "Hello, Baronet, how are ye?" and, probably for different reasons, a Knight is likely to look red and uncomfortable if he be publicly addressed as a Jook, and asked how his sister, Lady Ermengarde, is getting over her late attack of chilblains.

Indeed, now we come to think of it, there can be no doubt that we have too often wounded the sensitive feelings of our English friends and patrons by our gross ignorance of their special dignities. Mr. Walter, of the *London Times*, who is "on intimate terms" with all the nobility, says that we are provincial. We probably are. The consideration of our short-comings in the matter of deferential attention to the intricacies of the British peerage ought to bring this home to us.

And it is clearly our duty to nip our provincialism in the bud. Let us be less provincial ere it is too late. Let us make the Briton within our gates feel more at home. Let us learn to estimate him at his exact social value.

We appeal to our countrymen not to underrate the importance of this duty. It may seem trifling, at the first blush. There may be callous and commonplace Americans who will say that they can not see any difference between the noblest of Earls and the cheapest and smallest of Knights. But that is not the way to look at the matter. It is not a question of what we like, but of what *they* like. Of course we don't see any difference. *We* naturally wouldn't. But there is a difference. The Britons themselves print little blue books, at one penny apiece, to set forth this difference. We have, therefore, every reason to believe that it is a difference worthy of our closest attention.

That is the position the humbly-minded American ought to take. We will admit that it calls for a good deal of hard mental labor; but the task is incumbent upon us.

And for this reason PUCK has, after much meditation and investigation, discovered, and now publishes for the first time an easy and trustworthy method of memorizing the gradations of the English peerage. This method is shown in a simple table, constructed especially for the use of rich fathers with ambitious daughters.

The principle is a plain one. We provincial Americans may know little about the British Peerage; but we do know a good deal of the great American game of Poker. Now if we fix the various titles in our memory by connecting them with the well-known and easily-remembered sequence of hands in our national game, we shall accomplish our end with very little intellectual friction.

Here is the table. It is unnecessary to remark that we play straights to beat threes.

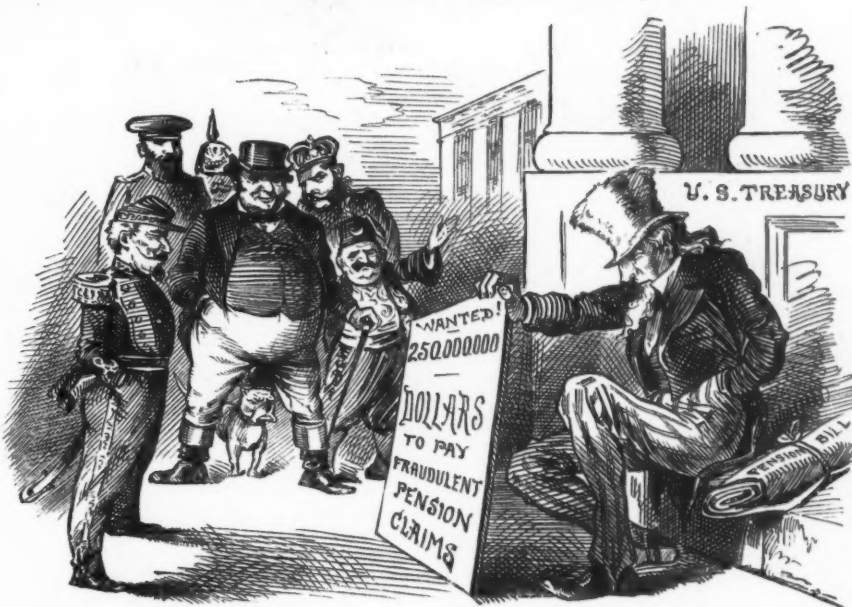
TABLE OF PRECEDENCE.

PEERAGE.	POKER.
A Double-Barreled Duke (the Duke of Smith, Earl Jones,) equals a	Straight Flush.
A Plain Duke equals	Fours.
A Marquis equals a	Full.
An Earl equals a	Flush.
A Viscount equals a	Straight.
A Baron (Lord,) equals	Threes.
A Baronet equals	Two Pair.
A Knight equals	One Pair—[and a mighty small one.]

If this table does not fully answer all practical purposes, we shall be happy to furnish further information on application at the office.

P. S.—A rampant Englishman has just called around

A HUMILIATING SIGHT.



THE NATION FOR SALE TO PAY FOR ITS SAVIORS.

to say that Baronets and Knights are not in the peerage. We have informed him that we don't consider pairs and two pairs any sort of Poker hands, either, so it is all right.

ED. PUCK.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Hey, but she's doleful, willow, willow, waly.

TIMMY DID.—If age brought strength, your Puckerings would work up nicely into Limburger cheese.

A READER.—Your request:

ALLEGHENY, Dec. 7th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

When President Garfield formed his cabinet, you presented each reader with their pictures. Now, when Arthur gets his cabinet formed, will you give their pictures, too?

Yours,

A READER.

is quite reasonable. We shall have great pleasure in giving you a picture of the new cabinet. Do you happen to want a little sketch of the Destruction of Jerusalem, or a plaster cast of the Venus de Milo? Would a few chromo reproductions of Raphael's little cartoons be of any use to you? Or maybe you would like a diamond mosaic of the principal events in the Revolution. If you don't see what you want, you know, just ask for it.

"DR. DANT," Cobleskill, N. Y.—We have not read your letter through, because most of it was cut out by the Post Office authorities; but we vaguely gather from what remains that you wish us to leave out of the paper some article, or articles, which you characterize as "ineffable, insane, idiocy and utter and unutterable damned foolishness and detestable drivell of imbecile drool." We do not remember publishing anything of this description. It is a style of literature we have always striven to avoid, and we are sure that the Honorable Mr. Fitznoodle, for whom you elsewhere express so warm an admiration, would not approve of it. We are afraid that we do not quite understand your request, unless—ah, we have it! It is your peculiar way of intimating that your letter was not intended for publication. Certainly, that is all right. We won't publish any more of it.

AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S THEATRE is becoming big by degrees and beautifully large, and an ornament to Broadway.

The "Mighty Dollar," at BOOTH'S THEATRE, is having the usual amount of justice done to it by the *Honorable Bardwell Slote and Mrs. Gilflory*.

Miss Bertha Welby will be a stellar attraction next season in Elliot Barnes's new play, which has the highly-suggestive and romantic title of "One Woman's Life."

Ernesto Rossi, the illustrious Italian tragedian, will be welcomed by New Yorkers, at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, about the middle of January, after his provincial travels.

Briareus Haverly has stretched out another of his hands, and grasped the California Theatre, San Francisco,

which house Mr. Chas. L. Andrews will manage. It is to be opened to-morrow with "Michael Strogoff."

This is the second month of "Esmeralda," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, and the gloomy prospect is before us of having to speak in platitudes of the play, week after week, for the next two or three years to come.

Mr. J. K. Emmet, in "Fritz in Ireland," exercises over the populace, at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, his old unaccountable influence, the more so as the salmon has not of late been disagreeing with him. Mr. Emmet is a great star, in a financial sense.

Messrs. Robson and Crane have found their way over to HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, where "Our Bachelors" is having its usual effect on the pious citizens of churches. This sentence is logically constructed, although it may not seem at first sight particularly clear.

Our opinion with regard to "The Passing Regiment," at DALY'S THEATRE, has not changed in the least. The piece is bright, it is clever, it is amusing, it is well mounted and well acted, and its obviously German origin is almost forgotten in the general admirable effect of the whole.

"Carmen," at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC, was produced once more by Mapleson's troupe on Monday night last. Last night was an "extra" for "Faust." "The Magic Flute" is announced for this evening, when the lovers of incomprehensibilities and vocal fireworks will be gratified.

The Hanlon-Lees continue to exercise their limbs and lineaments at the METROPOLITAN CASINO. It was here, on Sunday evening, that Her Grand Sacred Majesty's Opera Company gave a grand sacred concert, in which M. Henri Prevost, Mlle. Salviali and Mlle. Emma Juch sang some grand sacred songs.

CHICKERING HALL, on Saturday afternoon last, was the scene of a concert given by Mr. Louis Staab, the pianist, assisted by Mr. Fritsch and Mrs. Anna Bulkley-Hills. Mr. Staab performed, with much taste and expression, selections from Chopin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt, and two of his own compositions.

The first production of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's drama, entitled "The Bondman," took place on Monday night last at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. The subject was *Jack Cade* and Mr. McCullough. We are polishing up our critical faculties to find if Mr. Wingfield is the coming Shakspeare, and shall let our readers know in due course.

The audiences at the STANDARD THEATRE that flock to see "Patience" are large and enthusiastic. "Patience" promises to out-pinafore "Pinafore," and to have a much more lasting effect. It is not often New Yorkers have the privilege of enjoying such a smooth and excellent performance. Miss Roche's *Lady Jane* and Mr. Riley's *Bunthorne* could scarcely be improved upon.

Mr. George Sims's three-act comedy, "Mother-in-Law," was produced on Thursday evening at the PARK THEATRE. It is a funny play of the farce order, in H. J. Byron style, and is well acted. Although a trifle too locally Cockney for the American taste, yet its humor is, nevertheless, well adapted to amuse any English-speaking audience. A capital personation of an English stage-struck swell was Mr. Henry Lee's *Percy D'Almaine*, and not less successful were Mr. John Dillon, as *John Pounceby*, Mr. E. M. Holland, as *Major Mungo McTurtle*, and Miss Laura Don and Mrs. G. C. Gernon, as *Topsy Grey* and *Mrs. Pounceby*, respectively.



У К.



AD FOR HIM.

UNACCOUNTABLE.



MRS. O'GULICK:—"WHAT'S THE MATTER WID DER CHILDREN, MRS. MCDINNIS, THEY ARE SO SHTILL LOIKE?"
MRS. MCDINNIS:—"SORRA A ONE OF ME KNOWS, MRS. O'GULICK; I BATE THIM FROM MORNIN' TILL NOIGHT TO PUT A LITTLE LOIFE AND SHPIRIT INTO THIM, BUT IT DON'T SEEM TO DO 'EM ANY GOOD!"

THE SIGHTS OF THE CITY, WITH VERY MANY APOLOGIES TO THE ORIGINAL POET.

Broadway was wet and sloppy,
But stalwartly and fleet,
A man with hat hay-seedy
Strode up the lighted street.
The night was dark and stormy,
But blithe of heart was he—
He'd come to see the city,
Away from New Jersey.

O many sights of New York, in going up and down—
What mishaps lie within you, O sights of New York town!

He tarried long at Bunnell's,
And wonderingly did view
The "Double-Headed Woman,"
And "Giant from Peru."
He saw the magic "Doctor"
Carve men as butchers ham,
And other things quite dreadful
Set forth in the programme.

O wond'rous sights of New York, of mountebank and clown,
There's none can "take the cake" off the sights of New York town!

He visited the gardens
Of tripping *Terpsichore*,
And blushing admired
Things never seen before:
The rush, the whirl, the music,
Feet, limbs and skirts in air—
Bewildering to the senses,
And ravishingly fair.

O shocking sights of New York—of vicious sports the crown!
What follies dost thou lead to, O sights of New York town!

He dropped into a "Tunnel,"
Convenient on his track,
To moisten once his thirsty clay
With good old apple-jack;
When suddenly, while pausing
Its occupants to scan,
Up stepped, with guile familiar,
A waiting bunco man.

O tricking sights of New York, on which the wary frown—
What dangers lurk within thee, O sights of New York town!

The bunco man, quite ready,
His new acquaintance sought:
He knew his "Aunt Maria,"
And likewise "Uncle Mort."
"How were the folks in Jersey?"
"And how"—but why progress?
It was the old, old story,
Not difficult to guess.

O crafty sights of New York, of simple souls done brown!—
Thy dupes would fill a volume, O sights of New York town!

* * *
With hands and pockets empty—
By grim disaster smote—
Next morn this man from Jersey
Stepped on a ferry boat.
He sought his native village,
With naught a word to say,
Yet "booming" still behind him
The sights of New York lay.

O cruel sights of New York! if oaths your games would down,
Your victim's tongue were ready, O sights of New York town!

RETTOP.

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

Do not the first following five lines suggest a cartoon?
[N. B.—They do not.—ED. PUCK.]

Here stands our Law, like a fat idiot!
Holding his heavy bowels with his flabby hands.
Near him his chiefest patron lies a corpse!
The victim of a horrible assassin,
Who stands leering in front of Law, and spits on him!
And thus polluted Law feels no disgrace!
Aye—in his hands a sword—he falls asleep!
And sluggard-like he will not be awaked.
And whoso would arouse him gets a curse.
He curses like a puling drone; and then
He rubs his sticky eyes and sleeps again!
These mops of crime, the pompous judges are
All saturated with the filth of others!
They fall a-groveling when Power nods—
'Tis human nature, and we know they do it.
And O that men who know how weak *they* are,
Should make the creatures of themselves absolute!
And give them, where an awful crime is known,
Confessed and witnessed, the power to o'errule
The judgements settled by God and all ages!
Aye, in a case monstrous enough and heavy
To fetter, warp and bend their rectitude!)
But let the judges pass; they work for pay,
And while their masters bear it, grind away.
Of all man's works, the most conspicuous
Is law, and it's the most ridiculous.
"O man! O man!" cried Maximilian dying—
"O man! O man!" Columbia now is crying.

[The remainder of this interesting poem may be had at our office, and will be furnished in lengths to suit, at \$5 a yard, 99% discount for cash.]

IN PREPARATION:

PUCK'S ANNUAL

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. XXII.—*Junketing at Our Neighbor's.*

Since the time when our next-door neighbors lengthened their family tree, as I have heretofore related with as much detail as is proper in speaking of such matters, we, that is to say, our family and our neighbor's family, have been on the friendliest terms. Many a time and oft have we drunk that seductive beverage, tea, together; now in our neighbor's house, and anon in the one which shelters me. We have made little family excursions, attended concerts, and visited the theatre together. Once we went to the opera with our next-door neighbors, but we will never do it again. That I have resolved upon, Mrs. Lot may put her foot down, may rave and tear her hair, may even weep, but go with me to the opera again our next-door neighbors shall not. A man may have no ear for music, he may be wearied almost to death; but to sleep at the opera, while Nilsson is warbling her dulcet strains, or Capoul is dying to slow music, is abominable. It is abominable, and yet it may be put up with; but to sleep under such circumstances, and then snore—great, big, bass snores, too—is unbearable. I will not endure it, and I have resolved that, under no circumstances, will I again allow myself to be disgraced in that way.

Our neighbor is a clever and wide-awake fellow enough, too. I know he guessed quite a number of the charades which we got up some time since. And a very pleasant time we had with those same charades. I was stage-manager, and, as the boys say, I made things hum; I even made Mrs. Lot stand around. The worst of Mrs. Lot is that, in every tableau in which there was a Rebecca, she would insist upon appearing as the Rebecca. In Rebecca at the well Mrs. Lot would appear, and, of course, I was compelled to submit. We made a slight paper well, and the result was that Mrs. Lot stumbled on the carpet and fell head first into the well. And yet, notwithstanding this misfortune, nothing could induce her to allow any one else than herself to play Rebecca in Rebecca and Rowena. Now, everybody's notion of that Rebecca is that she was a slight, dainty, somewhat ethereal sort of a being, with plaintive eyes and solemn mien, and withal a brunette. Well, Mrs. Lot is a brunette, and that is the only qualification she has for the part. She is a brunette of the royal order, with imperious eyes, and a countenance that expresses a determination to have her own way. If she were called upon to enact the part of the Queen of the Amazons, she would be admirably adapted to the part, provided I would allow her to wear the costume usually assumed by that not over-dressed lady; which, by the way, I assure you that I would not. As the Rowena of the evening was a lady of medium height and rather slight build, the notion that the audience got was that, if Rebecca took the idea in her head, she would throw Rowena out of the window, seize Ivanhoe, sling him on the crupper of her horse, and sally forth, singing:

"Gaily the troubadour
Touched his guitar,
As he came conquering
Home from the war."

Now, everybody must admit that that is not the effect which that very choice, original and by no means overdone tableau should have upon the minds of the audience.

It must not be imagined that all our charades and tableaux were thus marred. By no means. Those in which I played were eminently successful. I invented several of those trifles myself; impromptu, you understand, and therefore I don't brag of them. Thus, as I am rather tall and Georgie is decidedly short, the scene represented us a-hugging each other.

That we called "Love me little, love me long." The advantage of that tableau is that, besides being amusing to the audience, it is exhilarating to the actors. In another, as the curtain rose, I threw myself at the feet of Georgie, as if I were giving myself to her. This I called "Sweets to the Sweet." In a third, which I called "The Dying Soldier," I was seated in a chair, and supposed to be at the point of death, while Georgie, on her knees beside me, was looking into my face and weeping bitterly. Unfortunately, as the curtain rose, a fly lit on the end of my nose. I did not dare to raise my hand and hit that fly a slam, because that would have been a decidedly inappropriate motion for a dying soldier, or any other kind of a dying man; so I twisted my nose and face, in my efforts to get rid of that fly. The result was that Georgie, who should have been industriously crying, laughed instead; and, as that fly continued to tickle my proboscis, I put my face through such extraordinary gymnastics that Georgie just sat back on the floor in a convulsion of laughter. I did not die that night, as our country friends would say, worth a continental.

Our little gatherings at our neighbor's house, and at mine, assume all sorts of forms; sometimes they take a literary turn, and we read and recite and sing. Among my neighbor's friends is a Mr. Monsart, who sets up as a poet. Now, I can stand a man who sets up as a paper-hanger, or a grocer, or a pork dealer, but I heartily dislike a man who sets up as a poet. I frankly admit that I sometimes drop into rhyme myself, but then I don't pretend in the least to be a poet. I drop into rhyme only for fun.

Mr. Monsart rolls his eyes in a fine frenzy, parts his hair in the middle, trains his raven locks down his back, and wears a Byronic collar. He has all the ear-marks of a poet, or a fool; and if my judgement is worth anything, he's the latter. He reads us high-flown descriptions of the surrounding scenery, which becomes in his hands as pastoral and poetical as the inside of a brick oven. I have resolved to squelch that man some day, and I'll do it as soon as I find out how it can be done. Sometimes we have little card parties. When the ladies are numerous, we play euchre; and when the men have the floor, we play a quiet little game of poker. Understand, if you please, that Mrs. Lot does not in the least imagine that the chips we play with represent money. Oh, dear, no! If she did, your humble servant would be compelled to search for those chips among the ashes in the stove. When I purchased that set of chips, I explained to my lady that they were counters to keep the game with, and she believed me. She made me suffer one night, though. Five of us gentlemen were playing a sociable game, when Mrs. Lot entered the room and informed me that there was a gentleman in the other room who desired to see me on business. I disliked to stop the game, and told my wife so; but she said that she had watched the game so often that she could play my hand. I left her a pile of counters, every one of which represented hard cash, for I had been winning. I thought, however, that I would not be detained a moment, and that she could do no harm during such a short period of time. But the business was important, and in discussing it, I forgot the game which was going on in the other room. When my visitor had departed, I returned to Mrs. Lot and found that she had lost every one of my chips, and was in debt for some she had borrowed from the banker. She thought it was a delightful game, and desired to continue, but I put a stop to that performance at once.

Not long ago our little gathering became a big gathering, and assumed a new form. Our next door neighbors gave a party. Now, when a man has been married for some years, and has a house and a family, parties become to him

an abomination. He despises them and heartily dislikes to attend them; but a woman—oh, that's a different matter. She may marry and bury twenty-seven or twenty-eight husbands, and she will still hanker after parties, and will go to them whenever she can obtain an invitation. Of course, I didn't wish to attend our neighbor's party, and, of course, my wife compelled me to go.

"You ought to be thankful to be allowed to attend a party with two of the handsomest women in the room," said she.

"But I am quite equal to appreciating you at home," suggested I.

"No, sir," said Mrs. Lot: "Men never properly appreciate a woman until they see how much some other man admires her."

When dressed for the party, Mrs. Lot was very handsome, but Georgie was perfectly lovely. I believe, after all, that blondes are night birds. As I gazed upon my sister-in-law, I thought: "Ah, Mrs. Lot, fortunate it was for you that I saw you before I cast my optics upon Georgie; fortunate it was for you that my virgin affections were planted in your bosom ere Georgie passed before my eyes. If it had not been so, you would, to-day, have been a distressed old maid, or the helpmeet of some rheumatic hypochondriac." Tom escorted Georgie, and I escorted Mrs. Lot to the party.

It is an axiom that all parties are alike. A certain number of swallow-tailed coats, encasing the same number of manly bosoms, whirl a certain number of irreproachable ball dresses, inclosing an equal number of packages of heart's delight, through the mazes of the giddy before supper, and repeat the performance after supper. Supper is the only part of the performance where anything original can be done, and the only original thing I ever saw done at supper was when several of the party got drunk.

"My dear," said I to the wife of my bosom: "shall I dance with you to-night?"

"No," said she: "I can do that at home."

"Very well," said I: "then I can dance with whom I please?"

"Precisely," replied she: "and I shall do likewise."

"Georgie," said I: "how many dances do you propose to reserve for me?"

"As many as you please."

"Will three be too many?"

"Oh, dear, no; six, if you like."

"No," said I: "I won't be greedy. I'll take three, because I have marked out a little piece of business, which I must attend to."

The truth was that my friend Blake, of whom I have spoken before, had been very much smitten by the little black-eyed beauty, Miss Hattie, my neighbor's sister-in-law; and, as he had played me several tricks, I resolved to annoy him. Accordingly, whenever I thought he was approaching her for the purpose of engaging her to dance with him, I slipped ahead of him and engaged her myself.

Finally, Blake became enraged.

"Look here, Lot," said he: "why do you, an old married man, constantly monopolize that girl, when I want to dance with her?"

"Have I annoyed you, my dear fellow?" inquired I, innocently.

"Damnably!" said he.

"Well, then," said I: "let it count on old scores. I won't annoy you any more to-night."

Mrs. Lot got along very well till supper-time. She wouldn't allow me to escort her to the table, and so she met with an accident. The clumsy fellow who took charge of her spilled a cup of coffee on her dress. As it was a costly silk, out of which coffee would take the color, Mrs. Lot almost howled; she saved herself by stuffing her handkerchief in her mouth. Really I was the person who should have howled, for I knew that I should be compelled

to replace it. Of course, Mrs. Lot had no appetite after that performance, and, of course, she did not find much enjoyment in the latter part of the evening. I, however, saw no reason why I should be miserable because she was; she had declined to let me aid in making her happy, and so I went on being as jolly as I could.

Parties, like everything else, come to an end, and, in the wee small hours, we dragged our wearied limbs into our own house, and placed our tired heads upon our respective pillows.

It is always a mistake for a widower, while courting his third venture, to walk with her in the neighborhood of a cemetery, and to point out the family lot, with the remark: "My two wives lie buried there—poor Jane, poor Matilda!" It kind of takes the poetry out of the thing, and casts a damper upon the spirits of the latest applicant for the position.—*American Queen*.

"PAPA," remarked the *enfant terrible*, who was mounted on the back of the old gentleman's chair engaged in making crayon sketches on his bald head: "it wouldn't do for you to fall asleep in the desert, would it?"

"Why not, my darling?"

"Oh, the ostriches might sit down on your head and hatch it out."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A MICHIGAN man, who was pursued by a bull, escaped a probably terrible death by spitting tobacco juice in the animal's eye. On the strength of this, the *Detroit Free Press* advises: "Don't let anybody make you believe that tobacco juice is unhealthy"—apparently forgetting that it was very unhealthy for the bull. *Norristown Herald*.

STYLE FOR WINTER.—Without pretending to be an authority in the matter of street etiquette, we would suggest that during the prevailing cold spell bald-headed gentlemen be excused from lifting their hats to their lady friends. Let them cultivate a sweet smile and a graceful wave of the right hand in the air and pass on.—*New Haven Register*.

It is a good thing to be funny, for the world is good to funny people. Many people are born that way, and when they are so funny as to be unable to take care of themselves, they are placed in magnificent houses built and maintained especially for them by the State.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

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Boys, you'll find this life just like a game of seven-up. You want to save your tens and look out for a game, and never beg when you have a good hand. Also recollect, in the long run, low counts as much as high, if it is only a trump. The devil has stacked the cards, but just play 'em honest, and when it comes your deal yer boun' to get a winnin' hand every time, and the old split-hoof will just have to jump the game and look for a softer snap. Also, if you happen to turn jack, call it lucky, but don't forget to remember that turnin' jack is uncertain business, and 'll never do to bet on.
—Salem Gazette.

THIS is a Contribution Plate. It has just been handed around. What is there upon it? Now count very slow, or you will make a mistake. Four buttons, one nickel, a blue chip and a spectacle-glass. Yes, that is right. What will be done with all these nice things? They will be sent to foreign countries for the good of the Poor Heathens. How the Poor Heathens will rejoice!—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

"I DON'T know how it is, Mrs. Miggs, but your bonnet looks more stylish every time I see it. I hope my sight isn't becoming affected."

"Have no fears, my dear," reassuringly observed Mrs. Miggs: "there is no illusion in the matter. The effect is due entirely to the hat. Every time I come home I get Mr. Miggs to sit down on it, and everybody tells me it is such an improvement."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE production of copper in this country is estimated at about nine million dollars annually. Judging from the number of brass watch-chains worn by our young men, it looks even more.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

BRASS band musicians are not necessarily intemperate, yet they always prepare themselves with a horn a-piece before they commence playing.—*Wit and Wisdom.*

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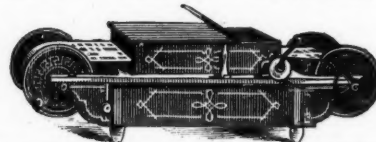
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When a Boston policeman hits a malefactor over the head with his truncheon, the dying man observes in one of the deceased languages: "Peeler, moriturus tesalutamo;" and the peeler not only understands him, but hits him another rap if he makes a false quantity.—*Com. Advertiser.*

It is a cold day now when an express train in some part of the republic doesn't run down a hand-car, and wear out a few telegraph repairers or section men. The express trains must have developed a little emotional insanity.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A MAN may possess nine virtues and not attract the least notice; but let him come out of a beer saloon munching a sandwich, and five hundred old maids will attend the very next sewing circle with a fresh subject of debate.—*Ottumwa Press.*

"Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information.—*New Haven Register.*

A LOT of New York maidens recently got up a fair for the poor, and as quite a number now wear engagement rings, the enterprise is spoken of as a brilliant success.—*Philadelphia News.*

The New Stock Exchange.

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It is said that the course of a cannon-ball may be turned by contact with a shingle. The shingle likewise has an effect upon the bawl of early childhood.—*Boston Transcript*.

Men who never have had any advantages sometimes make it up by taking advantage of everybody they have dealings with.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Yes," said the old lady: "I can see where the impression mashed that lace flat as a clean napkin. Don't let it happen again."—*Syracuse Times*.

BOSTON will soon be a great American spa. Its drinking water is unpalatable enough to make it a favorite invalid resort.—*Boston Courier*.

ALCIBIADES, long since deceased, was a "crank." Anyhow, history says he paid £250 for a dog.—*Norristown Herald*.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS seldom takes the form of mistaking our neighbor's cotton umbrella for our own silk one.—*Somerville Journal*.

SHE admitted to her mother that the young man had made a very strong impression on her.

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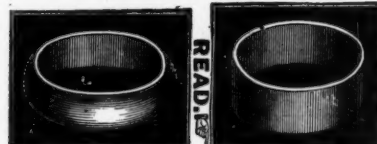
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PRECIOUS METALS. We can only send out a limited number of rings at price named, and to protect ourselves from jewelers and dealers ordering in quantities, we will insert this advertisement but one time in this paper, hence require you to cut it out and send to us, so that we may know you are entitled to the benefit of this offer. Under no circumstances will we send more than one ring of each kind to any person, sending us 75 cents each and this advertisement; but after you order, and other rings are desired, we will furnish 18 K. Solid Gold Rings at prices given in our Illustrated Catalogue, varying from \$2.75 to \$9.00 each. If you wish one ring send this advertisement and 75 cents; if you desire two rings send \$1.50 and this advertisement; or if you wish three rings send this advertisement and \$2.25; if more than three are desired you must pay full price as given in our catalogue. To ascertain the size ring you wear, take a piece of paper and cut it so that it will just meet around the finger you wish to wear the ring on, send the slip to us, and we will send a ring to fit you. State which you want, the Band, Half Round, or Stone Ring, if you order a stonering, state which you want, Amethyst, Topaz or Garnet, and also state what you wish engraved on the inside. Cut this Advertisement out and send to us, before April 30th, 1893. Postage stamps received same as cash. You can send small amounts at our risk, or send by money order or registered letter.



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LIQUID PEARL is an essential favorite with Ladies of the Stage, Opera and Concert Room. Ladies of Fashion pronounce it

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Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle. Beware of imitations.

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All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.

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QUALITY — THE BEST!!

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We guarantee this preparation to be

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By its use, after a few applications, the Hair acquires that beautiful Sunny Hue or Blonde color so universally sought after and admired. CRISOLINE, by its mild stimulating action, promotes the growth of the Hair, and its strengthening qualities arrest any tendency to falling off.

MARCHANT'S PHYLODONT TOOTH WASH. For Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth, Strengthening the Gums, and imparting a sweet fragrance to the breath. Sold everywhere, and Wholesale and Retail by the agents,

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The choicest assortment in the city of FINE IMPORTED TOILET ARTICLES. Circulars mailed free.

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Gentlemen wishing to be well dressed at low prices should go to

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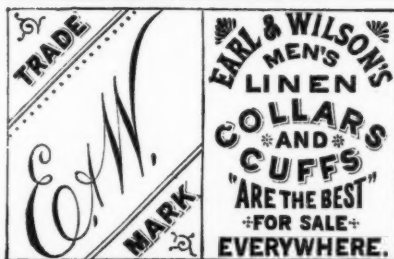
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Overcoats of English Melton and Kersey, all shades, made to order, \$18.00. Choice of 1,000 different styles for Pants to order, \$4.00, and Suits, \$16.00. Also, 1,000 different styles for Pants to order, \$5.00, and Suits, \$20.00.

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THE advantages of the American baggage system in tracing and recovering lost packages were strikingly illustrated on Tuesday evening. A disciple of Isaak Walton was fishing off the Howard Street foot-bridge for tom-cod, with a baggage-check attached to his line by way of a sinker, when, feeling a tug at his hook, he pulled up and found a valise securely fastened to his line. This extraordinary luck has induced a number of down-towners to go fishing for the key.—*New London Day.*

A St. Louis girl has slept continuously for four months, and the Chicago papers are green with envy. They say it's nothing, nohow, and that they've got lots of women who not only sleep the year round, but they snore like Niagara or a bald-headed deacon in the amen corner of a country meeting-house.—*Boston Transcript.*

THERE is talk of appointing regular professional burglars as bank cashiers. The very fact of their being so trusted will make them honest, and they don't generally know enough to cook the books.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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It Softens and Whitens the Skin. It is made exclusively of Balmey Vegetable Oils, no Animal Fat, no Coloring Matter, no Adulterations, no Perfume. Keeps the hands soft and white in coldest weather. Large economical tablets 25 cents each. Druggists or by mail, on receipt of ten 3c. stamps.
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BUDWEISS and Lager Beer
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SPECIAL ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS WITH NAME
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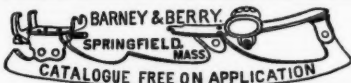
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SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

Love without a kiss would be like the harp without the hand, the rainbow without its hue, the brook without its babble, the landscape without its color, the tea-rose—sweetest flower for scent that blows—without its odor, the borealis without its variations, poetry without rhythm, spring without sunlight, a garden without foliage, or marriage without love. The young woman whose ideal teaches her to recoil from a kiss, cheats the lover of the joys of loving, and does not deserve the devotion of a manly heart. She may live up to the dining-room dado and the sideboard bric-à-brac, but she will never prove a congenial wife, any more than a bulldog with a second-hand set of six-dollar teeth can hope to lay the deck cold and chew his contemporaries into a hopeless, earless mass of howling pulp.—*Philadelphia Times, with variations.*

It is the correct ton to have at least one card on the receiver with a coronet. Such cards are easily obtainable at ten cents a dozen in London, and when left in a negligé, come il faut, haut tongy sort of way near the top, they generally convey the impression that one of the family has married into the nobility.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

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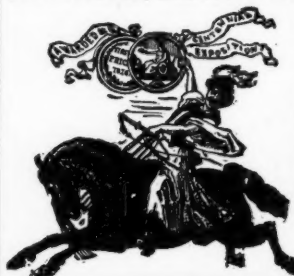
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The SAXON BREECH-LOADER has a Blued Barrel, thoroughly tested, guaranteed perfectly safe and accurate, case hardened, handsome stock, and every part of it made of the very best material. Length 4 feet; weight 6½ pounds. The improved patent breech makes it far superior to, and less liable to get out of order than any other breech-loading Shot Gun in the world.

Upon receipt of \$5.50, and the attached Certificate, before March 1st, 1882, we will ship the above Gun to any address in the United States.

CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT.—IT IS VALUABLE.
Upon receipt of this Certificate, before March 1st, 1882, with \$5.50, we hereby agree to forward to any address in the U. S., one of our Saxon Breech-Loading Shot Guns, and guarantee it in every particular. **SAXON IMPORTING CO.**
CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT.—IT IS VALUABLE.

The above offer is only made to introduce this incomparable gun in this country. To protect ourselves from dealers ordering in large quantities, we have concluded to insert this Advertisement, one time only, in this paper, hence require you to cut out the above certificate and enclose it to us with your order. We will not sell more than one gun to the same person, at the above price, and not then unless the order is accompanied by the above certificate. Our regular price is \$15.00, and that amount will be charged unless order is accompanied by Certificate. In no case will we send more than one gun with each Certificate. If you do not wish a gun for your own use, you will have no trouble in disposing of it at a handsome profit. In selling samples of the "SAXON" at \$5.50 each, we are making an ENORMOUS SACRIFICE, but we feel sure that one gun going into a neighborhood will sell ten more at our regular price. We wish to caution you against persons offering guns in imitation of the SAXON; to ascertain if the gun is genuine, see that the word "Saxon" is stamped on it. The sporting papers generally, join in praising THE SAXON BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN as being one of the most reliable Sporting Guns in the world. REMEMBER, this is a SPECIAL OFFER, and will not appear again, as we wish to introduce the SAXON BREECH-LOADER in America as soon as possible. We guarantee this Gun to be exactly as represented, and will return the money if they are found to be otherwise. Should you desire it, we will send the gun C. O. D., (with the privilege of examination) on receipt of \$2.00, to guarantee us against loss by Express charges. If we are strangers to you we refer you to any Bank or Express Office in New York City. For \$1.00 extra we will send with the Gun, one of Our New Sportsman's Cartridge Belts and 50 Metallic Base Remington-Union Shells. If you have friends in New York have them call and see us. Send money at our risk by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft payable to our order. Address,

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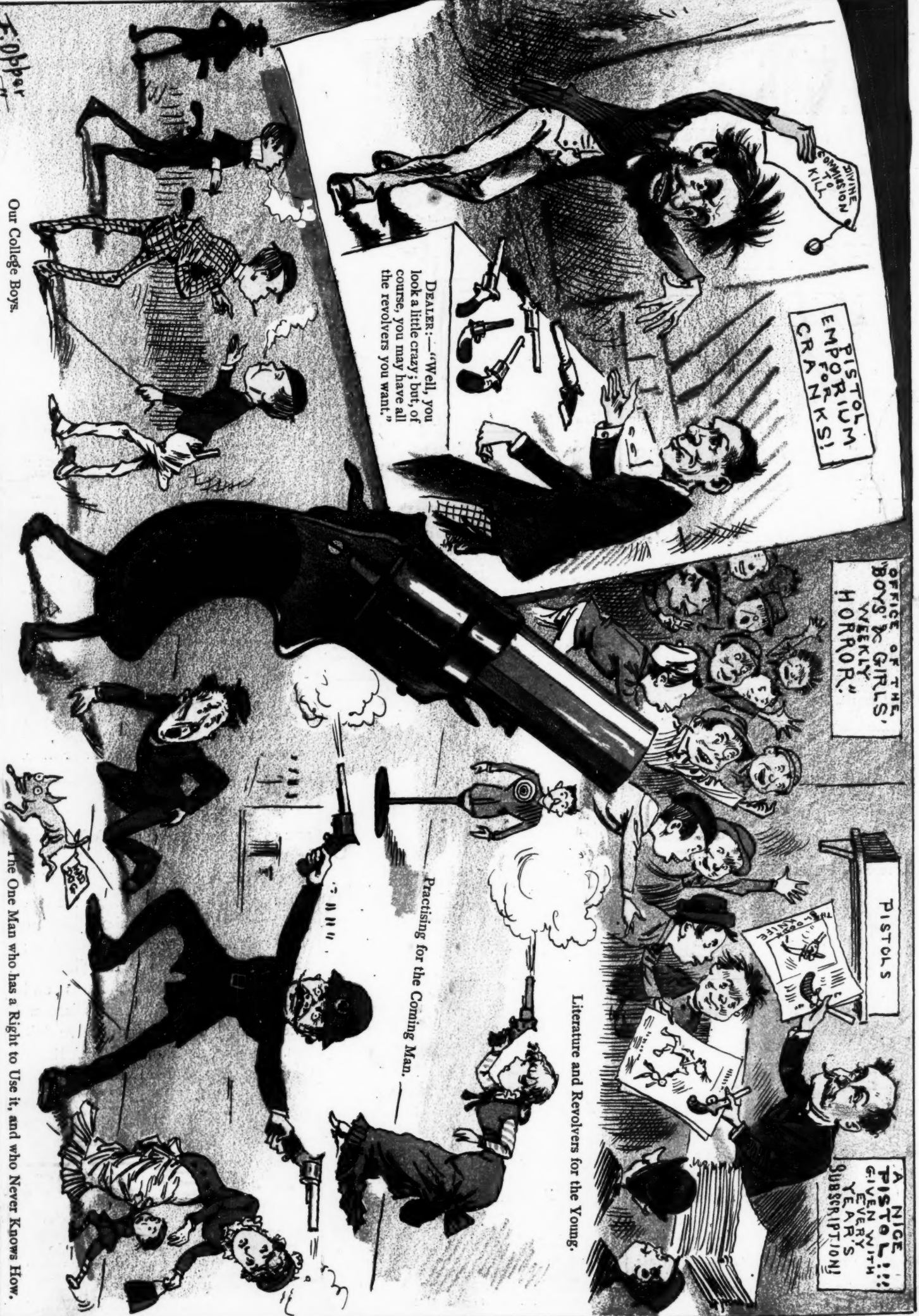
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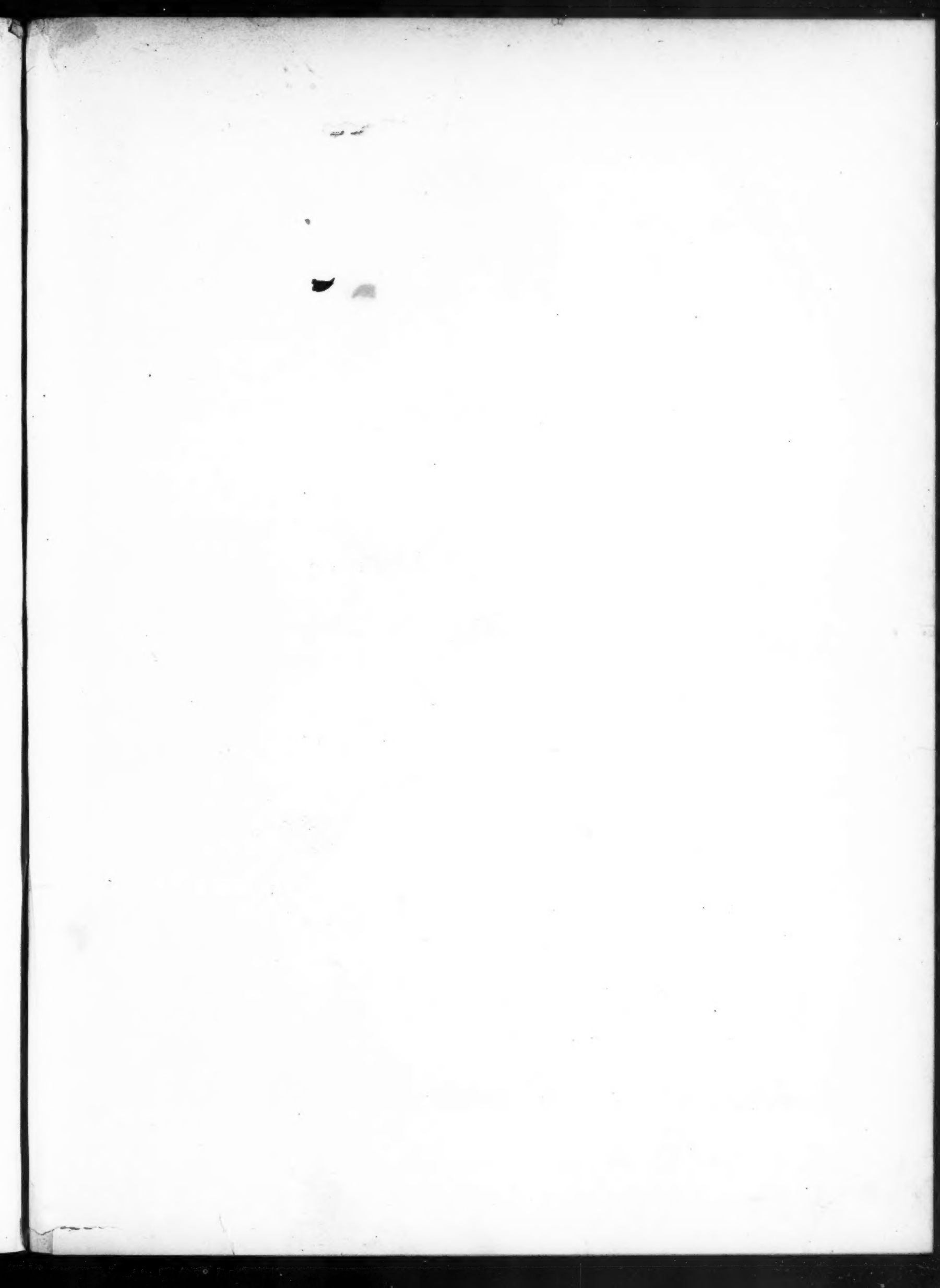
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